

MR. FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS EX-TEMPORE PROMETHIAN.

A TRAGICAL DRAMA. BY H. B. JABBERJEE, B.A.

ACT FIRST (continued).



THE Reader will no doubt recollect that we left off at the very exciting episode of knockings at Mr. FRANKENSTEIN'S door. The audience is inevitably to imagine that said knocks are made by the Monster, and will be proportionately surprised when the knocker turns out to be Mr. HENRY CLERVAL, a romantically chivalrous friend of Mr. F.'s adolescence. This device, I must humbly submit, exhibits a rather profound knowledge of stagey effect.

Mr. Clerval (entering). What ho, my beloved friend! I am recently descended from Swiss diligence-dawk, and arrive as the Family Herald, with latest intelligence of the healths of Honble. SYNDICATE FRANKENSTEIN, your venerable parent, Miss ELIZABETH LAVENZA, your affianced cousin, and little darling WILLIAM, your brother.

[This speech is of course for instruction of audience.
H. B. J.]

Mr. F. (with a manifest effort). You're welcome 'as a Mayflower. What tidings have you of my ELIZABETH?

Mr. Clerv. She is following the aerial creations of the Poets as busily as ever. Her saintly soul still shines like a shrine-dedicated lamp, and she has the same sweet and celestial eyes. [Taken from description in vol.—H. B. J.]

Mr. F. That is good news, indeed! And how is little darling WILLIAM?

Mr. Clerv. Whenever little darling WILLIAM smiles, two minute dimples appear on each cheek, which are rude with healthiness. But your own are pale as dishclouts. This is the result of leading the solitary existence of a Pilgarlic!

Mr. F. (glancing bashfully over his shoulders towards the arras). I am not perhaps so solitary as I seem, my dear CLERVAL.

Mr. Clerv. No matter—it is not hygienic to live like toad-in-hole. I have come to bring you back to family's bosom.

Mr. F. Excuse me—urgent private affairs detain me here. There is a rather big piece of work that I fear I cannot get away from. [Here he does some more backward glances.]

Mr. Clerv. (suspiciously). Behind the arras? Oho! I commence already to smell a large rodent.

Mr. F. (earnestly). Your nose is too sharp by half. I assure you there is no rat behind the arras!

Mr. Clerv. I will soon see whether that is so or not.

[He advances to the hangings. Mr. F. pushes him back, and there is a violent snip-snap for some minutes—till CLERVAL contrives to kick the beam and draw the curtains. . . . To the wonderment of both parties and all spectators, the Monster is seen to be an absentee, and the back premises are bare as a bone.]

Mr. F. (aside, relieved). The Demon has taken his hook! He did not recognise myself as the author of his existence! (To Mr. CLERVAL) You see, my cupboard is uninhabited by any skeleton. I have been engaged in a scientific experiment—but it has gone off in smoke like a flash in pan.

Mr. Clerv. (shrewdly). Then you are now at liberty to return to roost on your paternal roof-tree!

Mr. F. Be it so. I have been indulging too immoderately in midnight oil, and require to change the air.

Mr. Clerv. I will go at once and secure best seats for Switzerland. [He goes out.]

Mr. F. (with factitious gaiety). I feel as gleeful as the careless grig! Let me assume my go-to-meeting garbage. (He searches his wardrobe-chest.) Oh, hoity toity! all my togs are gone! And in the coat-tail pockets copious notes of progress in my monstrous manufacture! What scoundrel hand has sneaked them unbeknown?

[Here the figure of the Monstrosity, attired in the tight fit of Mr. F.'s travelling toggery, is seen to pass the window outside in the glaring moonlight. Mr. F. stares after it dumbfoundedly.]

Mr. F. He's got them on!—But after all, who cares? My notes are Greek to one who cannot read. No fear that he will ever find me out!

[More knocks at door. Mr. F. is suddenly afflicted with brain fever, and falls down in a confused heap as Mr. CLERVAL returns.]

Mr. F. (in the feeble accents of a delirious). CLERVAL, my boyhood's friend, remember this. Should any Monster call, I'm not at home!

[As Mr. C. bends concernedly over him, the Monster reappears, unobserved, at the window, and gazes in with fish-like optics as the Curtain descends, amidst vociferous hand-claps.]

ACT THE SECOND.

Several months have intervened. The scene is an open country, with a cottage inhabited by the virtuous DE LACEY Family. A dilapidated hovel is adjacent to the aforesaid cottage. It is daybreak, and the Monster enters. He is still wearing Mr. F.'s vestments [at least I cannot find that the talented authoress mentions that he has procured any roomier outfit], and carries a bundle of firewood.

The Monster (aside). This humble abode is tenanted by an amiable household called DE LACEY, and a young Arabian feminine of the name of SAFIE. They do not know as yet that I have occupied the neighbouring hovel for many months, and, by dint of assiduous eavesdroppings, have not only acquired the parts of speech, but a first-class education! [This is strictly according to original story.] As tit for tat, I deposit firewood clandestinely on their doorstep. They think it is the action of some benevolent fairy, but I shall reveal myself shortly as the good-natured friend. Soft! They are making a sortie. I will retire to my hovel and become all ears. [He does so.]

FELIX conducts SAFIE, the fair Arabian, out of the cottage, and there is a conversation in which he describes (from original book) how he, his male parent, and sister AGATHA, came to leave Paris for such a distant and inferior tenement, and she in turn relates the reasons which brought her, a timid and female Turkish, all the way from Constantinople. This will not occupy more than half an hour, and without it I think the audience would perhaps fail to understand the presence of an Oriental damsel in a French family in Germany.

Then Miss SAFIE says, Thanks to 'your kind tutorship, I am now thoroughly proficient in Gallic colloquialisms and irregular verbiage.

Monster (*aside, in his hovel*). And so is this humble self, having been secretly the *tertium quid* in such private coachings!

Mr. Felix. And during the long winter evenings I was able to read aloud the entire Encyclopædia from cover to cover—including the Supplement.

Monster (*aside*). By overhearing same, I am become literally chockfull of general information!

Miss Agatha (*leads out old Mr. DE LACEY—a venerable and snow-bearded blind*). Again our anonymous benefactor has bestowed upon us a bundle of firewood! How truly magnificent!

Old Mr. De L. A sad pity that such a good angel should refuse his address! But perhaps he is one of those who do good by stealing, and blush to find themselves notorious. I am longing to make his acquaintance.

Monster (*aside*). They are infernally encouraging!

Mr. Felix. Miss SAFIE, AGATHA, and self will now take a short walk to do some goat-milking. You will not, my Father, experience loneliness during our temporary absence?

Old Mr. De L. A virtuous Senile, my son, can never be in total solitude!

[*The others go out, leaving him alone.*]

Monster (*aside*). Now can I scrape his acquaintance pat! (*Comes out of hovel.*) Pardon this intrusion.

[*V. original text.*]

Old Mr. De L. I am a very old blind and cannot see you—but you have a mellifluous, gentlemanly voice.

Monster. I am a poor *post-mortem* chap of very so-so antecedents, and regard you in the light of a Polar Star. Melancholy has marked me for her own with indelible ink, and the very birds and beasts do snivel sympathetically over my hard case!

Old Mr. De L. You are evidently in the peck of troubles. Do not fear to unloose your Gordian knot.

[*Here follows a somewhat lengthy colloquy. At the end of it Mr. FELIX and the two females come back.*]

Mr. Felix (*thunderstruck*). Do I behold my venerated progenitor hobnobbing with a cadaverous Monster!

[*The ladies go into swoons.*]

Old Mr. De L. I had no idea that I was conversing with a Leviathan. (*To Monster*) Be good enough to cut your stick immediately!

Monster. Though endowed with repulsive exterior, I am actuated by best intentions. Do not fob me off with a cold shoulder!

Felix. We cannot possibly associate with such unwieldy demons. Let us all fly from his loathsome presence!

[*They do.*]

Monster. Stop! I have conceived a lively affection for you all. Please accept me as a Tame Cat and Family Friend! (*A gun is heard to bang in the distance, and hits the Monster on the arm.*) They have given me the cut direct—the unkindest cut of all! After this, I will perpetrate heaps of the lowest dregs of vice! I will commence by making yonder cottage a prey to the devouring element! (*He sets fire to it with matches.*) Is this a manuscript in my coat-tail pocket? How lucky that I am no longer an illiterate! Now to puzzle it out in the firelight. (*He reads MS.*) What! So I was manufactured by a Mr. FRANKENSTEIN, who is a resident of Geneva—a town in Switzerland where the timepieces come from, according to the Encyclopædia! Ho-ho! I will look him up! I will look him up!

This is the end of Scene 1. Sc. 2 will contain some rather moving episodes. No reasonable offers have reached me up to date, so I am leaving for London to buttonhole Honble. Sirs HENRY IRVING and BEEBOHM TERRY. I am

informed that there is a certain Mr. DANIEL LENO, who is also a splendid tragedian, and shall probably engage him for one of the characters, if he turns out to be at all competent.

H. B. J.

PRACTICAL POLITICS.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN says that he hopes that future Colonial Secretaries will visit the Colonies, and thus get an insight into the practical side of Colonial affairs. Why should not this admirable system be adopted by other Ministers of the Crown? May we not read in our newspapers of the future something like the following:—

The Marquis of LONDONDERRY, with a laudable desire to comprehend the workings of our educational system, took a class at Hackney Road Board School the other morning. From an interview with Mr. ROBERT JONES (Standard IV.) we gather that the noble Marquis's lesson in long division was received with much enthusiasm and orange peel. Mr. JONES added that, considering Lord LONDONDERRY's lack of experience, he wielded the cane with exquisite skill, and with practice would soon rival old SLADGER (the worthy head-master) himself.

The inhabitants of a Birmingham suburb were considerably surprised on Boxing Day morning to find Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN delivering their letters. His scientific postman's knock (which we understand he had practised for four hours at Highbury the previous day), the spirited way in which he rallied the maid-servants, and the keenness with which he collected the customary tips, all prove that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is a convert to the doctrine of efficiency. One incident only marred the day's proceedings. An inebriated householder, addressing the Postmaster General, asked if Mr. AUSTEN had called from Pa to pay his Old Age Pension.

We regret to announce that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is seriously indisposed. In his anxiety to understand the grievances of Income Tax payers, he undertook to collect a portion of that impost himself. Unhappily he revealed his identity to the first tax-payer he called upon, and was promptly kicked down a steep flight of stairs. It is gratifying to note that the tax-payer afterwards admitted that perhaps he had been hasty and inconsiderate, and thoughtfully conveyed Mr. RITCHIE to St. George's Hospital in his own carriage.

With a praiseworthy wish to test the efficiency of the Metropolitan Police, the Home Secretary successfully feigned drunkenness in Piccadilly. In ten minutes he found himself in a station cell, with his hat knocked over his eyes and a broken collar-bone. On being bailed out by a Home Office official, Mr. AKERS DOUGLAS expressed himself as highly pleased with the dexterous handling of Police Constable X 3492, and presented him with a framed and autographed portrait.

Mr. HANBURY has spent the Parliamentary recess in studying agricultural questions. He has practised, *inter alia*, hedging and ditching, milking the domestic cow, and the distribution of manure with the pitchfork. Owing to an unfortunate difference of opinion with a bull, Mr. HANBURY will be unable to fulfil his Parliamentary duties during the coming Session.

SHAKESPEARIAN MAXIM FOR MONTE CARLO—only that this Maxim (Hiram his *prénom*) is not for but against Monte Carlo:—"The Play is (not) the thing." Avoid danger and stay away from Monte Blanc.

SUGGESTION FOR A MUSIC-HALL SONG (*to suit any Lionne Comique*).—"Wink at me only with one eye," &c., &c.



THE GREATER NEED.

Mr. PUNCH. "EXCUSE ME, MR. BULL, BUT I THINK *THIS* IS WHERE THE MONEY IS MOST WANTED."



VALE!

GONE! Is it possible? Thus do the years
Steal from us all we could wish to retain.
All that is pleasant in life disappears,
Only the sorrows and worries remain.
What though a church on the spot where it stood,
Methodist church, be erected instead?
What though the object's undoubtedly good?
Weep, for the Royal Aquarium's dead.

Many's the time I have pored o'er its sights,
Sights of which I at the least could not tire;
Watched on a dozen consecutive nights
BLONDIN the Great as he strolled on the wire.
Here was variety Time could not stale;
Oft and again have I eagerly run,
Now to set eyes on the Labrador Whale,
Now on the lady they shot from a gun.

Here I marked SLAVIN's and SULLIVAN's skill,
Notable experts in "counter" and "fib,"
Watched with a relish their world-famous "mill,"
Cheered when the caestus came home on a rib.
Here, too, I learned that to some kangaroos
Skill has been given to spar with the hoof.
Here of an evening I'd quake in my shoes,
Watching Miss LUKER dive down from the roof.

HOBSON his seal, Pongo's Simian face,
ZEO (the bane of a shocked L.C.C.),
SANDOW, the feminine bicycle race—
These were the sights that ecstaticised me.
Here saw I ROBERTS, the king of the cue,
Gazed on him daily, nor found it a bore,
Enviied an eye so unerringly true.
Ah, that such visions shall charm me no more!

Still, when the logs are heaped cheerily high,
And in the chimney is howling the blast,
And when the beaker stands handily by,
I shall revisit the scenes of the past,
Muse o'er a pipe of the days that are dead,
Dream that once more I am able to scan
Closely the bird with the duplicate head,
Live once again with the Petrified Man.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

CERTAIN of finding a sensation akin to that provided by *The House on the Marsh*, and other romances by FLORENCE WARDEN, the Baron recently sat down to enjoy *An Outsider's Year* (JOHN LONG), which commences admirably with a promising trio of characters that were Mürgeresque in their bohemianism. But, alas and alack! within the first hundred pages the Baron became aware that he had hit upon "a light that failed," giving occasionally a little spurt. The slight story, with the aforesaid characters which on further acquaintance prove to be most ordinary and uninteresting, plods along with here and there a brief gleam of watery sunshine illuminating its path, until the end comes, and 'tis laid to rest, regretted as one of the "what-might-have-beens." With the little girl Kate in *Dombey*, the Baron says of Mrs. WARDEN, "FLORENCE is a favourite with everyone here, and deserves to be, I am sure," so the sooner she returns to her Dudley-Horne-Pemberton-Kitty-and-House-on-the-Marsh form the better.

The Baron is of opinion that the thanks of all golfers, from the Premier golfer down to the last of the T-caddies, will be due to Messrs. JOHN WALKER & Co. for their *Golfers'*



"MUMMY, DEAR, I THINK I SHALL BREAK THE LEGS OFF MY DUCK, 'COS I DO SO WANT IT TO BE ABLE TO SIT DOWN AND LAY AN EGG."

Diaries and Match Books, and if they had added, for the benefit of smokers, match-boxes, their work would have been supererogatively perfect. Considering the amount of pedestrian exercise involved in the pursuit of the Royal and Ancient Game, no more appropriate guide, illuminating the ground with his links, could have been found than WALKER. The Baron's attitude towards the game is much the same as was that of HERBERT, R.A. ("Mons. Hair-bair") towards the French language, when he said to a distinguished foreigner, "I do not speak your beau-ti-ful tongue, but I admire him." So the Baron plays not this lovely game, but he admires him—at a safe distance.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

Bootle-ful for Ever!

DURING the inquiry into the boundaries of Liverpool and Bootle, Sir HENRY LITTLEJOHN is reported as "laying stress on the impossibility of meat inspection" at the latter place, and in this he was corroborated by Doctors RAW and MARSDEN, who, on this meat subject, gave similar evidence, jointly, as was meet they should. "RAW" would be decidedly a happy name for a meat inspector, did it not suggest that he might so easily be done. If, as alleged by these scientific witnesses, Bootle is to be regarded as "a possible spot of contamination," it will cease to be a place for the once popular *Bootle's Baby*, who won't be taken there by its mother in this Strange Winter season.

A WANT WITHOUT A SUPPLY.—In consequence of Bivalvular Disease that so seriously affects the oysters, will not a committee of charitable persons start at once in London or elsewhere, an Oyster Hospital with, say, a hundred beds to begin with? Open to all, of course.

HIS FIRST AND LAST PLAY.

RALPH ESSENDEAN, aged about fifty, is discovered at a writing-desk. He studies a newspaper, from which he reads aloud, thoughtfully:—"So that a successful play may bring its author anything from five to twenty thousand pounds." He lays down the paper, mutters "H'm!" and taking up a pencil bites it meditatively. Enter MRS. ESSENDEAN.

Mrs. Essendean (crossing to RALPH, and, placing her hand on his shoulder, asks affectionately) Well, dear, and how is the play getting on?

Ralph (irritably). You talk of the play, MATILDA, as though it were possible to write a four-act drama in ten minutes. The play is not getting on at all well, for the simple reason that I am only just thinking out the idea.

Mrs. Essendean (seating herself by the table). How nice, dear! And what is the idea?

Ralph (grimly). That is just what I am wondering about. Now if you will kindly retire to the kitchen and make an omelette, or discharge the cook, I shall be obliged.

[Leans over his desk.]

Mrs. E. But, dear, I am sure the cook is a most excellent servant, and—

Ralph (turning round and speaking with repressed exasperation). That was simply my attempt at a humorous explanation of my wish to be alone, MATILDA.

Mrs. E. (smiling indulgently and rising). Well, dear, of course if it's going to be a funny play I know you would like to be alone. (Pausing at the open door.) And will you read it to us after dinner? You know the WILLOUGHBY-SMYTHES will be here, and Mr. and Mrs. VALLANCE from the Bank are coming in afterwards. I am sure they would like to hear it.

Ralph (irritably). The play isn't written yet. (Plaintively) Do go!

Mrs. E. (sweetly). I'm sure you'd like to be alone. Don't keep dinner waiting.

[Beams on him affectionately and exit.]

RALPH gives a sigh of relief, rumples his hair, and then writes for a few minutes. Then pauses, leans back, biting his pencil, when the door is flung open, and a very good imitation of a whirlwind bursts into the room. The whirlwind is a robust person of forty, he has a large round red face fringed with sandy whiskers, and is one mass of health and happiness. He wears Norfolk jacket, knickerbockers, gaiters and thick boots, and carries a golfing bag. He slaps RALPH heartily on the back, and laughs boisterously. RALPH collapses.

Tom (heartily). How are you? Going strong—what? Asked the wife for you, and she told me you were in here writing a play. Rippin' idea—what?

Ralph (worried, but striving to be pleasant and polite). What do you want, old chap?

Tom (cheerfully). Nothin' particular, only just to see how you were gettin' on—what? Do you good to have half an hour out, just a few holes—golf—what?

Ralph (with great self-restraint). Thanks, old man. Not now. You don't mind my asking you to leave me to myself a bit?

Tom (amiably, rising and picking up his bag). All right, old chap, you know best—what? Thought I'd just look in—hey?—what? Well, I'm off. (Goes to door, thinks for a moment, and then turns round) I say, I knew Thingummy's Acting Manager. If I can put in a word about your play—hey?—what?

Ralph (rises hurriedly). Shakes hands with Tom, and skilfully manoeuvres him into the passage, then calls after him). Good-bye, old man, and many thanks. (Closes the door and returns to his desk, grinding his teeth.) Confound him!

(Takes up paper and writes a few lines, then reads aloud) "PUFFINGTON puts the letter in his pocket and passes his hand through his hair. He groans 'O, why did I ever write those letters? I know FLOSSIE, and this means fifty pounds at least, and if ever my Mother-in-law gets to hear of it! O, lor! here she is.'" (Puts down the paper and looks up at the ceiling.) Now, speaking to myself as one man to another, I can't help thinking that this sort of thing has been done before. I seem to have heard it somewhere. I'll—I'll—try a fresh start. (Writes hurriedly for a few minutes and then reads)

"Scene.—Fashionable watering place, the beach is crowded; on the Pier the band is playing a dreamy waltz. EDWIN and MAUD are discovered in an open boat. Edwin. You must be tired of rowing, sweetest, come and steer. Maud. Just as you like, darling. (As they change seats the boat capsizes. After clinging for twenty minutes to the upturned keel, they are rescued by a passing steamer.)" That's all right for a "situation," but there seems a lack of dialogue. They can't very well talk while they are clinging to the boat; and what the deuce could they be talking about before? If I let them drown I should have to introduce fresh characters. Bother! (Meditates with frowning brow) Playwriting appears to present more difficulties than I thought. (Takes up newspaper.) "May bring in anything from five to twenty thousand pounds!" Sounds tempting, but I wonder how it's done?

[Takes a cigar from the mantelpiece, lights it, and, seating himself near the fire, smokes thoughtfully. Gradually his head sinks back on to the top of the chair, the cigar drops from his relaxed fingers, and as he sleeps, the shadow of a smile breaks across his face. An hour elapses; he is still sleeping. Enter MRS. ESSENDEAN, who brushes against the writing-table and sweeps the sheets of manuscript to the ground.]

Mrs. Essendean (crossing to RALPH and lightly shaking him). My dear, my dear, not dressed yet! Do you know the time—just the half-hour.

Ralph (starts up). Eh? (Looks at the clock.) Nearly half past, by Jove! I shan't be two seconds.

[Rushes hastily from the room.]

Mrs. Essendean (picks up the extinguished cigar, and drops it daintily into the fire. Looks round the room and sees the littering manuscript). What an untidy old thing it is! (Picks up the sheets, crumples them into a ball and throws them into the waste-paper basket.) There, that looks better.

[Gazes into the mirror, pats her hair, and exit.]

(End of the Play.)

ENCYCLOPÆDIC WHISKY.

[To the discussion on "Adulterated Whisky" now raging in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* Dr. LENNOX MOORE contributes the suggestion that the ingredients of each bottle should be fully specified on the label. Such an education in chemical analysis, we venture to think, would prove too candid an eye-opener to the average consumer of the cheap and hitherto "silent" varieties on the market.]

ONE's life is short, and, I would ask, Could people face the tiresome task Of mastering ev'ry learned label That states with what each bottle's filled, And whence and how and where distilled, Ere reaching their convivial table?

Whisky! I used indeed to think It was a simple sort of drink, But now I'm growing sadly wiser, Reading the formidable list Of matters that therein exist, Detected by the analyser.

Sulphuric acid, maize (decayed), Ptomaines, amines of every shade, Potato, fusel-oil, molasses— No more! the catalogue must end; For such an omnium-gatherum blend My intellect (and taste) surpasses!

Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

GUINEAS don't grow on the copper beech.

In Egypt you strain at the camel and swallow the gnat.

One good turn deserves an encore.

WHO KILLED MRS. EDDY?

(Written after reading Mark Twain's article on Christian Science in the "North American Review.")

SINCE poison is bane,
And blows give us pain,
Who killed Mrs. EDDY?
"I," says MARK TWAIN,
"With laughter—not pain,
In the N. A. Review,
With jokes that were true,
And wit that was ready,
I killed Mrs. EDDY."

ARMY REFORM.

(Some Honeymoon Pastimes.)

WE hope that Mr. BRODRICK is having a pleasant holiday abroad. But if, even in those more sunny lands, there should be a wet day—seeing that Ping-Pong palls in time and that even Bridge becomes wearisome after ten or twelve hours—we are convinced that Mr. BRODRICK will turn eagerly to the great amusement of his life. We therefore suggest for him some delightful games, described as well as the civilian mind enables anyone to fathom these mysteries.

One of the best is the tunic game. You take a large piece of paper and a pencil, you close your eyes, and move the pencil over the paper. You then open your eyes, and send this design to the War Office as the new pattern for braid, or lace, on the sleeves, or the shoulders, or any other part of the tunic, which every officer must obtain within a week. The most amusing part of the game follows. You close your eyes again, and move the pencil in a different way. You then send this second pattern to the War Office, to be issued eight days after, as the one absolutely essential and inviolable pattern for every officer in every part of the British Empire. This is really a very funny game.

Another funny one is the frock-coat game, but this can only be played in connection with India or similar hot climates. You send instructions by one mail that every officer must immediately provide himself with a frock-coat, properly braided, and in every way correct. It would make the game much more laughable if you could include in the order a silk hat or a fur cap, a black cotton umbrella, and six pairs of black knitted woollen gloves. By the next mail you issue an order that any officer wearing, or even having in his possession, a frock-coat, will be required to resign his commission at once. This delightful pastime causes shrieks of laughter.

The khaki pattern game is rather an artistic one. You send for a little



BROWN'S COUNTRY HOUSE.—No. 2.

Visitor. "WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU WANT WITH A TORTOISE?"

Mrs. Brown. "WELL, WHEN FRED HAD THAT FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT WITH HIS NEW MOTOR-CAR, HE SOLD IT, AND BOUGHT THE TORTOISE. SAYS IT SOOTHES HIS NERVES!"

London mud—there is generally plenty in Piccadilly—and a shilling box of water-colours, and you mix all the colours in the box until you match the mud, and then you have found the best shade for the everyday working dress of the officer. But that is not the end of the game. The next day you send for a little more mud—this time from Pall Mall, where the mud is less dense, if the Ministers are more so—and you make another mixture, which is sure to be slightly different, and issue that as the one immutable and eternal shade of khaki. The advantage of this game is

that you can go on endlessly, and the officers enjoy it quite as much as any of the others we have mentioned.

Of course there are some screamingly funny games with belts, and boots, and buttons, and many other things, but we have described enough for the present.

A SEQUITUR.—Everybody has recently been delightedly interested in the reports of the celebration of "Lord DALMENY's majority." The question that now occurs to many is, When shall we hear something satisfactory as to "Lord ROSEBERY's majority?"

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

(New Style.)

[HENRY HAMLET writes to the *Daily Mail*:—"For the last three years I have taken but two meals a day, 12 noon and 6 P.M. Result: clear brain, active body, in short, physical regeneration."]

LONG years ago in Denmark I

Was sick and sad and peaked and pined,

At length I know the reason why

I suffered this distress of mind.

I cried, "To be or not to be?"—

Because my daily meals were three!

Methought I saw my father's ghost

Stalking the battlements by night,

Even the sentry at his post

Declared he saw the self-same sight.

The reason will be clear to you—

Our meals were three instead of two.

POOR Uncle CLAUDIUS! I believed

That you my honoured sire had slain,

But now I know I was deceived,

And wish you were alive again.

The thirst for vengeance that one feels

Arises from too many meals.

OPHELIA perished in despair

When my digestion would not mend;
My dietetic errors were

The cause of poor POLONIUS' end.

I ran that harmless dotard through

Because my meals were more than two!

How happy, therefore, they who fix

Their minds on hygienic laws!

Two meals a day—at twelve and six—

Of every virtue are the cause.

This regimen, begun in time,

Will save you from a life of crime!

MORE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE.

I.

THE night is wild and wet. It makes faces at me—which is rude. So does a small boy from over the garden wall: the latter even goes so far as to put his thumb to the end of his nose and spread his fingers out. I expostulate with my umbrella. He leaves hurriedly.

Then my father's Secretary comes out of the house singing "*The Bedouin's Love Song*." Having a few minutes to spare, he proposes to me. He looks like a cross between a Greek god and a Bowery costermonger. He has been reading *The Life of Robinson Crusoe* to father. I don't like curly men, but the Secretary is curly. He is also creepy.

The rain is ceaseless. My waterproof is wet. I tell him so. All he replies is:—

"What-a-proof of its unworthiness!"

The man who could perpetrate a grey-whiskered chestnut like that, and try to pass it off upon a Wilderness Girl

—what is a Wilderness Girl, by the way?—as original, deserves any fate: even that of becoming my husband.

He coughs and clears his throat.

"You are cob—I mean 'a little hoarse,'" I say.

"Rot!" he ejaculates scornfully.

And he laughs—laughs like the noise of tearing calico—laughs like a nutmeg-grater on duty.

We go into the house, and I put on my ruby gown.

DEAR MR. HELOSE,—I fail to see why I should be snapped up in this way—however, as I have no other offer on hand, I suppose we may as well marry.

Sincerely yours, ELLA MENT.

June 25.

Where shall I find a name for that which has befallen me? If I call it joy I shrink away from the word, and if I call it fear, that would be a lie pure and simple.

"You—have—promised—a—MAN—that—you—would—become—his—wife."

Nobody in the world has ever done such a thing before. But the Wilderness Girl doesn't mind this.

Mr. HELOSE's hair does curl beautifully.

November 5.

Why is the world so Guy to-day?—I mean, "so gay to-day." Forgive the slip—the date—November 5—is responsible. It is because I am married, and no less than nine of my old flames turned up at the ceremony. It was nervous work when we came to those mystic words anent "giving this woman away." However, of course, none of them *did*. They are all absolutely trustworthy.

I keep on writing my husband notes. I have already sent him eleven this morning, and he is showing unmistakable signs of having had enough of it: but I go on all the same.

TO MY HUSBAND,—I do not think we have been apart three hours these fifteen days, and now you say you mean to strike, and claim a half-holiday on Saturdays. Be it so. I will employ the time in writing even more letters to you. This one I will pin on your Sunday trousers, so take care, dear DAN, how you sit down in church. To rise from your place suddenly, with a wild war-whoop, as you absorbed the business end of the pin, would probably result in your being promptly fired out by the verger for disturbing the meeting.

We have gone to live with Father. Father mildly expostulated, and suggested we should take a house of our own, but we magnanimously refused, and told him we would live with him until he petered out—poor Father!

DAN is at his office; feeling unhappy, I telephoned him this morning—

Are you there?

Yes—who is it?

I am unhappy.

Well?

Well, that's all.

Oh—all right—I'll make a note of it. Ring off, please.

(To be continued.)

BACCHICS.

[In *The Story of the Vine*, Mr. G. R. EMERSON sings the praise of Bacchus. What can surpass champagne "in tingling the torpid blood of the coward," or, "in adding a lustre to the charm of beauty and in imparting to the pale cheek a blush that rivals the Eastern sky, heralding to the waking West the arrival of the solar god? . . . What did not the culture of the Greeks owe to the stimulus of wine?"]

WHAT is the wine where bubbles dance
More bright than maiden's merry glance?
What sparkles like the sun-lit rain?

Champagne.

What nectar this, that should be quaffed
By deathless gods—diviner draught
Than Zeus himself did ever drain?

Champagne.

What would have gilt the gold refined
Of ÆSCHYLUS's master-mind
And lighted all his dazzling train?

Champagne.

What would have thrown a perfume yet
More sweet upon the violet
Of PERICLES's matchless reign?

Champagne.

What would have lent the Romans
strength
To spread yet more the breadth and
length
Of their imperial domain?

Champagne.

What makes the chicken-hearted brave,
And clamour for a hero's grave,
And scoff at scars with proud disdain?

Champagne.

What brings a soft and rosy flush
To cheek that can no longer blush?
What makes my MARY ANN not plain?

Champagne.

What makes the dullard wise, and fit
To crack a joke with men of wit?
What gives the minor poet brain?

Champagne.

What makes me talk? What can explain
So glib and garrulous a strain?
Methinks I hear the old refrain—

Champagne.

By AN AWFUL BOER.—Summary of the Chamberlainian speeches: "*Vox, et Pretoria . . . nihil.*"

HOW TO GET ON.

No. V.—IN AMERICA.

(Concluded.)

LAST week I landed you safely in the Home of the Free, and by this time you will have been able to turn round and find your legs, as it were, and accustom yourself to the society of this strange and on the whole delightful people who, with the English language on their lips, carry the heart of a Frenchman on their sleeves, and have deep down in their breasts another heart of their own, a heart compact of fine pride and generous feeling, and gusts of sensitive resentment and shrinking reticence that no Spanish Hidalgo could match. It is a curious mixture, but there it is, and the sooner you come to recognise it the better it will be for your welfare in the country you are visiting.

Perhaps the first thing to be done is to accustom yourself to the idea that Americans have of the average Englishman. Everybody knows what you think of yourself. You are the only man in the world, the measure of perfection, the standard of the greater virtues, the rule by which excellence in the art of living and of behaving oneself is to be tested. You have never really thought about this: you have gently but firmly assumed it to be true and, not only true, but recognised as true by every other nation. You are clever, polished, brilliant, well-versed in the art of dress and the great points of conduct—in a word you're a model. That's your idea. Put it away from you, get rid of it, bury it deep underground and don't resurrect it until you're back in Liverpool. The Americans are a polite people, but you can't be long in their society or read their newspapers and periodicals with ordinary attention before you discover that their idea of our matchless nation doesn't exactly square with your own. It may be your privilege to hear a group, who are not aware of your presence, telling a story in which a slow, stupid and misunderstanding man is one of the characters. You listen with a distant and amused tolerance until—great Heaven, you realise that the stupid man is an Englishman! He says, "Haw, dontcherknow," with every other word he utters, never sees a joke until everybody else has forgotten it, and altogether behaves with a thick-headed foolishness and a hob-nailed arrogance that makes him the laughing-stock and the contempt of all the other characters in the story that is being told. Terrible, isn't it? Of course you're not like that. Nobody ever is. But how on earth, then, did the idea ever arise in the quick American brain? That question you can answer, no doubt, but if you want to answer it truthfully you'll have to bring to your aid a larger amount of modest diffidence than is generally to be found in the hand-luggage of your travelling compatriots.

Well, it's a good thing, no doubt, to be toppled every now and then from your tall pinnacles of self-esteem, to be forced, while you lie bruised and gasping on the ground, to see yourself for a brief moment as others see you—but what then? In America you get up and shake yourself; the bruises become less sore, and your opinion of yourself revives in the society of those Americans (and they are not few) who pass their lives in running down everything that has the slightest native flavour of Americanism about it. No such high dry Tories as these are to be found in England. They admire with an extraordinary fervour all the ancient abuses, the dismal tendencies to reaction and obscurantism against which we struggle. In their lives, their manner, and their language and dress, they are more English than the most ignorant dull Englishman that ever had his being in the mind of an exaggerating satirist, and as for honest pride in their great country and its illustrious deeds, they never felt a spark of it. Do not take these gentlemen as your guides. Bear yourself modestly, be



DEA EX MACHINÂ. THE CODESSJOUT OF THE CAR.

"But what is this? What thing of sea or land?

Female of sex it seems,
That so bedecked, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way, sailing
Like a stately ship.

An amber scent of odoriferous perfume
Her harbinger."—MILTON, *Samson Agonistes*.

natural, try to shake off a little of that dead weight of self-assured superiority that oppresses you; think of Americans as fellow creatures, sometimes vain, sometimes themselves not unacquainted with arrogance and swagger, but on the whole as honourable, upright, sensitive gentlemen (we didn't speak of the ladies, who are all, to a woman, charming and delightful), highly-cultivated, well-informed, and of a hospitality that no other people can equal. If you can succeed ever so slightly in this effort you will probably enjoy your visit to America. If not, why, you'll come back remembering to the discredit of the Americans that they talk through their noses and part their hair in the middle. And these, of course, are fatal and infamous defects.

MORE HONOURED IN THE BREACH THAN THE OBSERVANCE.—What rough and rude horse-marine play is the pitching, tarring, water-butting, and all the other tom-fooleries still practised on board our vessels "crossing the line." As there is a line, why not draw it at something short of these old-world rough-and-tumble frolics? Sailors will be sailors, but they needn't be boys. In the case of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S voyage, "clowning" may be excusable with a "JOEY" on board, especially when that "JOEY" lends his countenance to the "spill-and-pelt," and, like a good gallery lad, takes his seat "up aloft" to look down on the pranks of poor JACK with a cherubic smile of approval. These old customs die hard, and on land even "Jack-in-the-Green," as a survival of May Day merriment, has not had his final kick.



PROVERBS ILLUSTRATED.

"IF YOU WANT A THING WELL DONE, DO IT YOURSELF."

[Jones believed this saying before the froot.]

AN EVENING FROM HOME.

At the Alhambra the plot of the new ballet, *The Devil's Forge*, will remind veteran opera-goers of *Der Freischütz*, and the younger generation of *Siegfried*. But the scene in the cavern of the mountain witch, where the three army corps of flame, frost and water fairies are manœuvred with the utmost precision and great kaleidoscopic splendour, owes nothing to WEBER or WAGNER. Miss EDIE SLACK, as that dashing young blade, *Karl*, excellent in a *Romeo* costume; Mlle. ALMA MARI, as the Mountain Fairy, gives an excellent imitation of an animated pair of compasses. Music by Mr. GEORGE BYNG, of the sumptuous and sonorous type. For the rest one can take trips to Fez or the Moon, per Bioscope, or watch the NOÏSET TROUPE—noiset in nature as in name—perform their astonishing feat of "Circling the Circ." Squaring the circle is nothing to the achievement of this amazing quartet of cyclists, who climb into a large skeleton bottomless bucket, so to speak, and then proceed, all four of

them, to race full tilt round the inner sides of the bucket, which is gradually hoisted up twenty feet into the air.

MY OWN REFLECTIONS.

(Written on a cross-Channel steamer.)

[It has been laid down by M. DES PLANCHES, the Italian Ambassador to Washington, that an infallible cure for sea-sickness is to be found in examining one's features attentively in a mirror.]

THE sea is getting rougher and

The wind is blowing hard.

We're out of shelter from the land,

But I'll be on my guard.

"Hi, Steward, Steward!"—there he goes,

"The next time that you pass,
Bring me a—no, not one of those,
I want a looking-glass."

The vessel pitches up and down,
But now my thoughts have strayed,

I'm gazing at my eyes of brown,

They are a lovely shade.

The sea is rising more and more,

A hurricane it blows—

I never realised before
That I'd a Roman nose.

A nasty lurch we gave just now,
And every timber creaks,
But oh! the beauty of my brow,
The contour of my cheeks!
The salt spray wets me to the skin,
As waves sweep o'er the deck.
Ah! let me contemplate my chin,
Though buried in my neck.

The passenger upon my right
Is gazing o'er the side.
I will not dwell upon the sight,
It is not dignified.
How perfectly my eye-brows grow,
And critics must admit
That I've got shell-like ears, although
They do stick out a bit.

But why is my complexion green,
And just a trifle pale?
Alas! have these precautions been
Indeed of no avail?
Oh fickle, faithless and untrue,
Thou mirror thrice accurst! [you
"Here, Steward, bring me that which
Were going to bring at first!"]



THE BEREFT BIRD.

(Scene from the Pantomime, Theatre Royal, Johannesburg.)

DAME CH-M-D-RL-N. "THERE, DON'T WORRY. IT 'LL BE ALL RIGHT. YOU 'LL LAY LOTS MORE."
THE OSTRICH (resignedly). "WELL—' WHAT YOU HAVE TAKEN, YOU HAVE TAKEN.' "



MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

XI.—MR. SIDNEY LEE.

MR. LEE was pensively toying with a crisp rasher as we entered his sumptuous apartments in Verulam Buildings, Ham Common.

"Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table," he remarked, pleasantly.

We replied that we had eaten already, but that we hoped he would continue.

"On, bacons, on," he rejoined, placing two more slices in the chafing-dish at his side. "What, ye knaves! Young men must live."

While he finished his repast we had time to look round our host's comfortable quarters. The shelves bristled with editions of the Master's works bound in the best pigskin: the *Novum Organum*, the *Wisdom of the Ancients*, the *Advancement of Learning*, the



"In saying so you shall but say the truth."

"Age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety," murmured Mr. LEE.

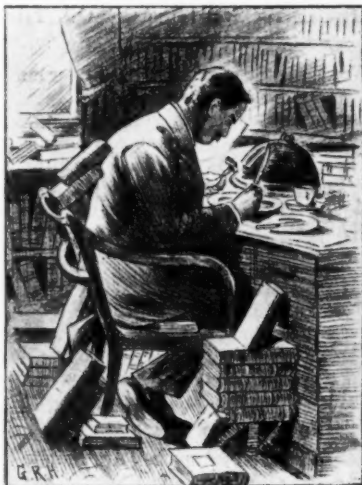
"And your life of SHAKESPEARE? That, then, is the narrative of the Lord Chancellor's most carefully maintained deception?"

"A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor," our host replied.

"Then you hold that not only is Ham Common but everything is Bacon, and Bacon is everything? You are but a projection of BACON's personality; and we are Bacon and Bacon is everywhere?"

"I have unclasped to thee the book, even of my secret soul," replied Mr. LEE in his most poignant accents.

"In other words, then, the philosophy of the Baconians is eternal and omnipresent Gammon?"



"Mr. Lee was pensively toying with a crisp rasher."

Essays, the *New Atlantis*—none were missing. Portraits of the great man covered the walls, varied here and there by the effigies of kindred spirits: a full-length (by TROTTER, R.A.) of Og, King of Bashan; a photograph of Mrs. GALLUP in one of her rasher moments; an engraving of the Ettrick Shepherd; a Kit-Cat of IGNATIUS DONNELLY; and a charming *carte de visite* of Mr. MALLOCK in fancy dress as a Franciscan friar.

"And do you," we asked, "think that BACON wrote everything?"

MR. LEE signified assent in the usual manner.

"How simple that must make things!" we replied. "Then the *Dictionary of National Biography* is merely a life of BACON's aliases?"



"Perceiving the hollowness of the Great Stratford Myth."

"In saying so you shall but say the truth," responded the eminent critic, adding, with a sudden descent to the more pedestrian diction of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, "Evidences of the truth of the great doctrine abound in all ages. CICERO had a villa at Tusculum. DISRAELI took the title of Beaconsfield, and GLADSTONE himself sat for Greenwich, which rhymes with spinach, which is inextricably associated with gammon, which rhymes with Salmon, which is equivalent to GLUCKSTEIN, which is the German for GLADSTONE. The wheel has come full circle; the loop is looped. Yes, we are all Pro-bores now."

Before we left, Mr. LEE kindly gave us some interesting particulars of his life. Born at Hog's Norton in Leicestershire, he was intended for a Shakspearian scholar, but at an early age,



"A priceless Mexican Mustang has been retained for his exclusive use."

perceiving the hollowness of the Great Stratford Myth, as he calls it, he turned his attention to cryptograms, and with the assistance of Sir THOMAS LIPTON—who first divined the inner significance of the names *Ham-let* and *Polony-us*—and of Mr. J. HOLT SCHOOLING, he discovered a cipher which revolutionised our knowledge of the Elizabethan Age, proving beyond doubt that *The Visits of Elizabeth* was the work of FRANCIS BACON in his character as the Earl of LEICESTER, and *Elizabeth and her German Garden* an effusion of the same author under the disguise of Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

MR. LEE, we may add, is just leaving England on a lecturing tour in America, and sails by the *Oceanic*, the entire

lee-scuffers being reserved for his use. In the States we understand that he will be the guest of SCNNY JIM, and take part in a great pig-sticking excursion in the Yosemite Valley, organised by the leading pork packers of Tipperusalem. A priceless peach-fed Mexican mustang has already been retained for the exclusive use of the distinguished visitor. Mr. LEE has also been encouraged by President ROOSEVELT to take a run down South to visit the sons of Ham, and will appropriately lecture at Boston, the scene of Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES'S "Last Leaf," on the First Folio.

PILGRIMS TO THE EAST.

IV.—THE PILGRIMS' P.-AND-O.-GRESS.

Dec. 21: *Gulf of Aden*.—Somaliland lies somewhere near, and it seemed last night as if the MAD MULLAH was trying to get into my porthole. It was the wind roaring in the windscoop set to catch and turn him into my cabin. In the result, one's head, in an upper berth, is all but blown off, while one's body is steadily melting through the night-watches. With what remains of it one goes limply till luncheon-time, talking to the people one knows best, and taking little trouble to improve new friendships.

I gather, by the way, that social intercourse in the second class is less hampered by self-consciousness than in the superior part of the good ship "*Grosvenor Square*." When a new and unknown lady passenger comes on board and walks deprecatingly down the critical line of first-class deck-chairs, it is a sign of breeding to say, in a clear, bell-like tone, as she passes, "Who is this person?" But among the maids and men-servants (who had a dance of their own the other night) there is a different standard of tact; and of this there is a story to tell very greatly to their credit. For, shortly after leaving one of the ports where we had picked up fresh passengers, a lady "well known in Society," who had been on board ever since Marseilles, happened to stroll across to the second class, possibly to get a better view of the moon, and being unrecognised, was addressed by a peer's valet in the following simple words: "A new face, I think?" Nothing but the desire to put the lady at her ease had prompted the advances of this so admirable CRICHTON. And I will break the confidence of one of my lady-friends so far as to repeat her confession that, after reflecting on this episode, she found that the prospect of being wrecked on one of the "Twelve Apostles"—all of them "dissolute islands" in the neighbourhood—was not without its contingent consolations.

This morning we rounded the island

of Perim, and headed for Aden. I thought of the Peri at the Gate of Paradise, and wondered if Perim at the Gate of the Garden of Aden was the plural. This conjecture was not borne out by the appearance of Aden itself lying unshaded under its barren rock. Yet its very bareness helped to make the sentiment of the place: suiting well with this lonely outpost planted there, rigid and stern, to guard our highway of the East. And as if to give a touch of colour to this romance of Empire, there was the Royal Standard flying above an English cruiser. As we cast anchor, H.R.H. the Duke of CONSAUGHT came over from the *Renown* to borrow our Grand Duke for a little.

Boat-loads of swarthy natives, sketchily dressed, plied us with stuffs of Araby, and trophies of the chase; but the voracity of the local shark (meaning the fish) has discouraged the pretty fashion of diving for coins, which is now treated as an attempt at suicide. We were boarded by some thirty odd officials of the Post Office, who are to spend the next four days in sorting the outward Indian Mail—a matter of 1700 bags.

Dec. 25: *In the Arabian Sea*.—We have been wishing one another a Merry Christmas, but the heat is most severe, and I am certain that any effort to realise this pious benison would be received with marked disapproval. Indeed, throughout our voyage, the designs of that deadly philanthropist, the "amusement fiend"—the kind of person who wants you all to go about blindfold trying to put in the eye of a pig delineated in chalk on the deck—have been rudely frustrated at their birth. Since Aden our annals have kept their silence, broken only by a clearly expressed desire for cocktails—with ladies, the costly "Bengal Lancer" is very popular—by some quoit tourneys, by a pool on the ship's run, and by a tendency, as we near port, to collect autographs of our unique fellowship.

The noticeable absence of other ships from our horizon, coupled with a curious dearth of those marine features (such as porpoises or whales) which are in the habit of affording diversion to voyagers, has perhaps drawn us nearer to one another, binding us together by a sense of collective solitude. And now, to the depressing prospect of a surfeit of Christmas fare to-night, very unmanaging in this tropical heat, is added the collateral terror of after-dinner speeches. I do profoundly trust that there will be limits to the general enthusiasm; and that I shall not be asked, for instance, to stand, with one foot on an elevation, grasping firmly the hand of a perfect stranger, and expressing defiance of the contemptible

hypothesis that auld acquaintance should ever conceivably escape my memory.

All the same, it has been a fascinating voyage; and our dear hearts are divided between a sense of relief, on the one hand, that the good time cannot now be spoilt by the weariness of its delights, and, on the other hand, the regret that our community is to be broken up to-morrow. Still, many of us will be within hail of one another at Delhi, and a good few besides the Two Pilgrims are to return home under conduct of that very PARFITT Arabian knight, our present Captain.

My next missive must leave too soon to tell you of the Durbar; but we shall have seen the State Entry; and, though I may not date from a howdah, as I have not yet secured a private elephant, yet I will engage that my language at least shall already be marked by Oriental luxury and abandon. O. S.

INGENIOUS BALLADE OF THE PANTOMIME.

WHEN winter snows are on the ground,
When winter skies are grey,
When nephews everywhere abound,
And nieces come to stay;
Then, though my youth be far away,
And pleasure but a phantom, I'm
Moved by the season to convey
A party to the Pantomime.

Myself, alas, with yawns profound
I see the limelight play
Upon the fairies dancing round
In tinsel bright array.
The prince, in tights and spangles gay,
Struts proudly like a bantam; I'm
Subject no more beneath the sway
Of princes in the Pantomime.

Yet those who in my box are found,
Types of a later day,
The jokes amuse, the shifts astound,
Of demon and of fay.
I look at MARJORIE and MAX,
Watch CHRISTOPHER and scan TOM; I'm
Glad to observe at least that they
Appreciate the Pantomime.

Children, my fancies, far astray
From screech o' clown and rant o'
mime,
Have found, I'm gratified to say,
Four legal rhymes to Pantomime.

"WHAT is conviction?" asked Sir HERBERT STEPHEN in the *Times*. Judging from police reports, where it is frequently stated that "many previous convictions were proved against the prisoner," we should be inclined to say that, as a rule, conviction seems to mean imprisonment with or without option of fine.



UP COUNTRY JOYS IN INDIA.

The Mem Sahib (with a view to seasonable festivities). "I WONDER IF YOU HAVE GOT SUCH A THING AS LEMON PEEL OR CANDIED PEEL IN YOUR SHOP?"
 "Europe Shop" Keeper. "AH, NO, MEM SAHIB. ONLEE GOT IT 'COCKLE' PEEL AND 'BEESHAM' PEEL."

AN ELLALINE TERRISS-TRIAL
MATTER.

ONE must not look a gift picture-book in the mouth. A gift picture-book hasn't a mouth, but the giver has, and the nearest substitute for mouth in the above-adapted proverb is "palette." There we stop, and only say that the *Ellaline Terriss Souvenir* ("Bless 'er 'art!" as the inimitable Mrs. JOHN WOOD hath it) for 1903 is one of the cleverest put-together pieces of workmanship we have seen for some time. Who compiled it is a mystery, but be he, or she, who he, or she, may, the general result is excellent, and all the quotations most happy. Personally we should have preferred the small portraits to have been theatrical, or simply "professional," notabilities in Art and Literature. What profits "rank" in such an assembly? Here, as *Hamlet* says, the "offence is rank." But—pardon—the book is a "free gift," a souvenir to all, from the present Manageress and Manager of the Vaudeville, to whom Mr. *Punch* wishes the best of luck—(and it can't be much better than it has been) in their career.

A SANGUINARY SUGGESTION.

TO MR. PUNCH,—SIR, Mr. GARRETT FISHER has been describing, in the columns of the *Daily News*, the methods by which a new Literary Society proposes to stem the awful flood of new and worthless books. This Society will call itself the Omar Club, after the gentleman who burnt the Alexandrian Library, and is to be "modelled on the organisation of the late Thugs." Each member must pledge himself "to destroy a certain number of new books in the course of each month, and to do his utmost to dissuade at least two authors." I understand that in literary circles the idea is very warmly approved, everybody believing that the other fellow's books are sure to be burnt. But with that I have nothing to do. The beautiful ambiguity of that "to dissuade at least two authors," and the reference to the Thugs, have inspired me with a notion for dealing with the decadence of the periodical Press.

If you will ask any one of the Great Rejected what is the cause of this decay, he will explain in a quite unprintable speech that it is the Editors. Never before was there so much suppressed genius knocking about Fleet Street. Never before did poor, starved Miss LITERATURE, chained to the chairs of a crowd of mahogany-headed Editors, cry so piteously for literary bread.

You are known, Sir, to be a man of chivalry, and a personal friend of that

young lady, and hence I call upon you to open your columns to this invitation to my brother objects of the Editor's regrets to rise, and follow me!

Our numbers are thousands, and our oppressors are but hundreds! If my fellow-sufferers will meet me unshaven by the Law Courts one fine dark night, in Inverness coats and squash hats, we will rescue Miss LITERATURE and win eternal fame. I will lead them to a battle where they are certain to get the best of it, as the enemy will be hopelessly outnumbered. We will seize these wretches, these Editors (bah!), and we will strip some of them and paste their regret-slips all over them and set them alight! We will cram the nostrils and the mouths of others with printers' ink and suffocate them! Others we will cast into their own presses! And the worst we will force to listen to their own effusions while we jeer at their dying wails! "Something with boiling oil in it," and the Huguenots' massacre will be child's play to the things we shall do to these tyrants who have lorded it over us far too long. Excepting yourself, spared for your kindness in publishing this *pronunciamiento*, not one of them shall be left alive, and Literature shall be free—to us.

And then, Sir, we will go "odd man out" for their vacant chairs, and there shall be no more refusals, and our letter-boxes shall rattle only with fat cheques.

Yours, &c. GRADUS AD PARNASSUM.

CHARIVARIA.

SEVERAL articles on the Sultan of MOROCCO have recently appeared in our papers. From one of these we learn that he is fond of amusement. His ambition is to see a Parliament on English lines established in Morocco.

Severe weather is reported from Jersey City. Last week two heavily-laden milk-wagons collided, and all the contents were upset. In a few minutes people were skating on a magnificent sheet of water.

General ANDRÉ, the French War Minister, has abolished the Mess for the Army, and M. PELLETAN is introducing it into the Navy.

We are improving. The news that Venezuela had definitely submitted was received in a quiet and dignified manner, and did not lead to a repetition of the wild and hysteric scenes which took place when peace with the Transvaal was announced.

America, it is announced, possesses a monkey that can play Ping-Pong. We

have no wish to foster international jealousies, but we have seen thousands of them in England.

There has been friction with Russia about the Dardanelles, and it has been proposed that a fresh agreement shall be concluded between the signatories to the existing Treaty, by which no foreign Power is on any pretext whatever to be allowed to send war-ships through the Dardanelles unless strong enough to insist on it.

Meanwhile, Great Britain has told Russia in no uncertain voice that it was really too bad of her.

There is very little doubt now that a Bill will shortly be introduced to prevent the influx of undesirable aliens into England. Such a measure has become absolutely necessary, as it is declared that our own criminal classes are now finding it difficult to earn a living.

There were prospects at one time that the coming Riviera season would be a peculiarly brilliant one, but it is now announced that VIDAL has been reprieved.

The troops at the disposal of Sir BRUCE HAMILTON, appointed to command the 3rd Infantry Division of the 1st Army Corps, at present consist of only his Aide-de-camp. We hear that the General has received orders from the War Office to manœuvre him.

Professor SORMAGNI, of Pavia, has discovered the hydrophobia microbe. Many dogs have gone mad with excitement at the news.

England is not the only country that requires a Drunkards Act. A remarkable sea-monster has been seen by some fishermen near Melbourne.

The War Office has been making experiments with wireless telegraphy. It is not known who told the War Office of the invention.

Gold will always have an attraction, but that was quite an unnecessary misprint in a Radical paper which said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was, of course, being drawn towards the Gold Magnets in South Africa.

The SULTAN has objected to the performance of *Dick Whittington* by the members of the British Embassy at Constantinople on the ground of the pantomime being immoral. He considers *Dick's* rapid rise to opulence is not satisfactorily accounted for.



C. C. Rock

The Vicar's Daughter. "AWFULLY COLD, ISN'T IT, MRS. MUGGLES?"

Mrs. Muggles. "YES, MY DEAR. BUT, BLESS YE, I'M LOVELY AND WARM!"

WHITEWASHING THE BLACKAMOOR.



Beetle (log.). "Haply, for I am black."—*Othello*, iii. 3.

HAD WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, dramatic author and actor, foreseen, "in his mind's eye, HORATIO," the present production at the Lyric Theatre of his awful tragedy *Othello*, in this year of grace 1903, he might have felt strongly inclined to rechristen it by the style and title of *Dainty Desdemona*. A more fascinating representative of this Moor-fascinating young lady than Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT it would be indeed difficult to find. *Desdemona's* portrait, as given us by this actress, is an exquisite work of art, it is "all," or, almost all, "my (or anybody else's) fancy painted," it is lovely, pure, simple, and touchingly child-like. Her mere appearance makes *Iago* trebly the villain he is, and *Othello* infinitely blacker than he paints himself. For Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON'S *Othello* is only a light mahogany-coloured hero, with scarcely a smear of the tar-brush visible; nay, so highly polished is he, as mahogany should be, that when he alludes to himself as being "rude in speech," everyone feels that this expression is only a false modesty or a trick of rhetorical art, intended to catch the ear of the courteously appreciative and politic *Doge* (Mr. IAN ROBERTSON) and of the assembled *patres conscripti*, including the *Pater Gravis Brabantio* (impressively played by clever Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE), of the Venetian Republic, whom, one and all, he wins over to his side by the simple eloquence that had already captivated *Desdemona*.

Opinions may, and surely will, differ as to Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON'S impersonation of the "lusty Moor," who sneers at "the turban'd Turk" while himself wearing a similar head-dress (but perhaps after all this is a subtle touch of human nature, indicating that *Othello* doesn't see himself as others see him), and who is never really terrible until the last scene, when his determination to avenge his supposed dishonour is irrevocably fixed; but there must be a strong *consensus* of opinion in favour of Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT'S fitness for the rôle of *Desdemona*. Her *Desdemona* is just the child-like, home-nurtured creature (own sister to *Romeo's Juliet*) to be entranced by the wondrous stories that the wandering warrior either invented, or founded upon his own experience in many lands, for her special delectation, improving upon them as he perceived her hero-worship developing, and himself becoming the very "god of her idolatry." She took in all his legends as eagerly as she would have taken in romances from a circulating library. In the accomplished story-teller she sees nothing of the "black art" attributed to him by *Brabantio*, who, on any other hypothesis than that of magic, cannot conceive how the dusky warrior could possibly think of such wonderful things! In the man who possesses "the voice of the charmer," sweet simple *Desdemona* scarcely notices the tinge of light brown that differentiates him from other "coloured gentlemen" of a deeper dye; no, to her he is what she chooses to paint him, and in her heart of hearts she says to herself, "*Othello's* is the colour for my money." And when the audience beholds this confiding child, so miserably unhappy, and so distraught that she does not even kneel down and say her prayers before going to bed, would they not willingly stop grim *Othello* at the very door of the bed-chamber and implore him to kill anybody, everybody, himself included if he likes, rather than hurt a single fair hair of *Desdemona's* head?

But *Othello* must carry out his author's purpose: it is his destiny! *Kismet*. His wife has been sadly singing about

"Willow, Willow," and now he gives the rhyme to that word, and it is "pillow, pillow!" He bolsters up his fell purpose by lunatic reasoning, and, as it were, throws "pillow" in her teeth... then—draw the curtain... Macbeth-like, he is startled by the knocking at the door! "Who's dat a-knockin' at de door?" and "Who's dat a-callin'?" These are the Ethiopian melodies, quite modern, which should suggest themselves to the Musical Director, Mr. CLAUDE FENIGSTEIN, as a kind of dramatic Wagnerian accompaniment describing the Moor's motive. "But," as Mr. *Serjeant Buzfuz* observed, "Enough of this, gentlemen. It is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened."

Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT'S *Desdemona* is a perfectly charming performance, and Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON'S *Othello*, in the last scene, when we witness the madness of his jealousy and the misery of his passionate love, is a masterpiece of terrible realism.

Mr. BEN WEBSTER is an excellent *Cassio*, and in his intoxication he is drunk as a lord, and behaving as much like a gentleman as is possible to one so disguised in liquor.

Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE'S *Roderigo* is humorous, but rather too idiotic. As *Bianca*, Miss AIMÉE DE BURGH is "naughty but nice;" though how a lady of her notoriety contrives to obtain the *entrée*, unquestioned, to *Othello's* castle, is rather a puzzle. The arrangement is not Shakspearian: the scenes where she appears in WILLIAM'S play are "Before the Castle," i.e., out of doors.

Either *Emilia* is unsuited to Miss LENA ASHWELL, or Miss LENA does not properly appreciate *Emilia*; it matters not which. *Emilia* is the antithesis to *Desdemona*; she is a woman of accommodating virtue; a coquette and a virago. Yet, on occasion, she is a grand person, dominating *Iago* and *Othello*, and carrying all before her. But this *Emilia* is only a commonplace waiting-woman; waiting for the chance, and losing it when it comes. After *Iago* has killed *Emilia*, *Othello* puts her away somewhere behind the bed, out of sight, and she is not missed. This is as it ought not to be.

As for Mr. WARING'S *Iago*—well—personally I should like to see him play *Othello* to Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON'S *Iago*. I feel morally sure that Mr. WARING would be far more at home as that "rantin', roarin' boy," the Moor of Venice, than he is as "The Ancient," while Mr. ROBERTSON'S *Iago* would be a very fine and subtle performance. At the Lyceum IRVING and BOOTH used to alternate the parts. Why not try the experiment at the Lyric?

MEM. (from our "Cottage" near a "Broadwood").—At the St. James's Hall, as one of the items of a "Broadwood Concert," Miss ETHEL WOOD sang Mr. *Punch's* "*Durbar Ode*;" music composed by Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, words by Mr. *Punch's* Own Laureate signing himself "O. S." It was first-rate, not by any means "a one-OS affair." Sir ALEC, in his happiest vein, has written a composition of very great difficulty, and on this, the first, occasion of its being heard in public, Miss ETHEL WOOD interpreted the Maëstro's work with rare intelligence and strong dramatic feeling. Sir ALEXANDER was the accompanist. When he has any time to spare that he doesn't require for a tune, perhaps he may be induced to arrange his work for a full orchestra (of course not for an empty one, *cela va sans jouer*) with the same fair vocalist singing, and then we shall hear the grand effect of Wood and string combined with (what, well managed, it ought to bring in) plenty of "brass."

AN EXCITING MOMENT FOR AN EMPLOYER OF LABOUR.—The Hands joined at the hour of twelve! In another moment they would strike!! No!—the works were out of order. The clock stopped.